

The Anti-Slavery Bugle.

BENJAMIN S. JONES, EDITOR.

"NO UNION WITH SLAVERHOLDERS."

ANN PEARSON, PUBLISHING AGENT.

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SALEM, COLUMBIANA COUNTY, OHIO, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 29, 1860.

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THE ANTI-SLAVERY BUGLE,
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Money carefully saved to those who are not subscribers, but who are believed to be interested in the dissemination of Anti-Slavery truth, with the hope that they will either subscribe themselves or use their influence to extend its real伸张ing their friends.

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The Anti-Slavery Bugle.

From the Ohio State Journal.

CONGRESSIONAL SPECIFICS.

With the best intentions in the world to be serious about secession (for reasons, lack you, is a serious business) it is impossible to read the Congressional debates of this time, and repress the desire to smile. Every honorable member has a specific, which if taken according to the direction on the wrapper, will make the Union all right in a surprisingly short space; neglect this sovereign remedy, and you have Susan, and all its attendant evils at once. Mr. Thayer is of opinion that the pure unadulterated popular sovereignty, and no legislation whatever upon slavery, is the thing to be taken in the present crisis. Mr. Chapman's plan is to permit slaveholding in all the States, so that there may be what Miss Meggs calls perfect "amicabilities." Mr. Adrian thinks that unity is to be truly promoted by non-intercession. Our noble young representatives, the gallant Cox, is of the resolutionist opinion that this unfortunate state of things has all been brought about by Gov. Dennison's refusing to give up the Harper's Ferry refugees, and that a little corrective legislation in this respect, would set the Union on its pins again. Mr. Hatchie, who is from the Ashburton district, where flame and fire are farre articles of diet, demands that the Union shall be brought round by honest dues of all parts of the constitution—particularly that part protecting the lives and property of northern people in the Southern States. Mr. English prescribes a division of national territory in exact halves, slavery in one, freedom in the other, and a double indemnity to slaveholders for every fugitive rescued in the north. Thus, with a mustard draft on the stomach, warm boiled at the feet, and ice at the head, he believes will set the Union up again. There seems to be a general harmony of opinion only as to the main fact in the case. The Union has been bitten—that is evident. The trouble is now to find the dog that bit it, in order that his hair may be applied to the wound, and there is the widest diversity of opinion as to the identity of this dog—whether the beast was the skulking blood-hound of slavery, or the calm, conserving house dog of compromise, or the fire-eyed dog of abolitionism—doctors can by no means agree. Apparently, in this state of uncertainty, the only thing to be done for the relief of the patient, is constant vigilance and judicious nursing. It may fall out in this case after all, as in the case which came to the notice of Doctor Goldsmith—of the dog who "had gain his private ends went mad, and bit" his best friend. The neighbors while they—

"—saw the dog was mad, They swore the man must die. But soon a wonder came to light, That showed the rogues they lied, The man recovered of the bite, The dog it was that died." Meanwhile a great deal may be said on both sides, and while political wisdom is such a drug in the market, we propose to cork ours down, and not to part with it at a sacrifice.

According to a dispatch from Leavenworth, Capt. MONTGOMERY was at latest advice, engaged in judicial capacity. He was trying a man the charge against whom was, that he was in favor of the execution of the Fugitive Slave Law. The punishment, if the trial had been proceeded with, had the prisoner found guilty, would of course, have been death. If the Hon. ANANIAS LINTON were brought before this court of MONTGOMERY, charged with the high crime of being in favor of the enforcement of the Fugitive Slave Law, we fear that his speeches in the debate with Douglas would merit him, and that he would have to suffer the usual penalty under the Blackwood Code. Tom Cates, beyond peradventure, would be tucked up to the first tree.

Sull late advice are to the effect that a man has been hung by MONTGOMERY for kidnapping a few negroes—Cincinnati Commercial.

The Pope's finances are said to be in a very bad condition. He is receiving large contributions from the United States.

THOMAS R. COOK is out with a recommendation to the sounding States to fix the time for the ordinance of secession to take effect on the 15th or 16th of February.

THE INSURRECTION AT HARPER'S FERRY THE LESSON IT TEACHES.

A Lecture delivered at Troy, Geauga county, Ohio, on the Anniversary of John Brown's Martyrdom, December 2nd, 1860.

BY DR. W. ALLEN.

"We have a few, and by our law we ought to die!"—James II. during a visit.

In the ever changing drama of human history, it always occurs, that the most atrocious and diabolical deeds of human wickedness are committed by the sacred name, and under the protection of law. The crowning act of Jewish infidelity was the crucifixion of the Son of Man. For his purity of life, and faithful testimony against the corruption of the times in which he lived, he died a painful and ignominious death at the hands of the executors of Roman law. "We have a few, and by our law we ought to die!"

History informs us that while Rome was one sheet of liquid flame, Nero blazed. So, when the fury mount, to the Martyrdom of John Brown, by order of a barbarous and heathen State that like the priest and levite, pass by on the other side.

John Brown always claims his truest reformers.

Every eye is retrospective; it builds the monuments of the tyrant we this day commemorate. He started with different premises and worked out the problem of human slavery and men's responsibility by a far different rule. The difference between John Brown and the politician is this; the former believed in truth, justice, and humanity. The latter worships success,—he knows no higher divinity.

John Brown had faith in God and the eternal right; the politician believes in Chicago platforms and party majorities,—he can conceive of nothing better.

John Brown saw and felt the fearful outrages slavery commits upon his brother man, and heard the voice of the Eternal as truly as did Moses in Egypt, saying, "Deliver these my people out of the hands of the spoiler."

True is the voice within, he prepared to obey his mandate. He had faith in God, and believed it ever safe to do right.

No wonder the American Church, ever trucking to a materialistic expediency, openly and unabashedly advocating the atheistic idea that it is justifiable to practice a little evil, if, surely, we may hope to accomplish a great amount of good—no wonder that such an organization thought John Brown insane. So, too, the politician, who knows no God but the triumph of his party, will be very likely to denounce the liberator of slaves as a fanatic and a traitor, worthy the gallows.

But it is a sad commentary on the wisdom of a nation, that she hangs her most patriotic citizen—it is a mortal evidence of the decadence of a nation when the greatest

triumph of the Anti-Slavery Bugle has

triumphed over the most illustrious

and most illustrious

THE ANTI-SLAVERY BUGLE.

Learn that God's truth will ever triumph over the Devil's lie.

The invincible might of seeming weakness was never more displayed than in the life, progress, and victories of the anti-slavery cause. In its commencement, never was a cause more unpopular, more disdained, more maligned and opposed by all the great and influential organizations in the land. But, like Banquo's ghost, it would not down at their bidding. Twenty-five years of persistent toil, has shown to the world the useless forms of many of its foes, and the retreating forces of those who still have a name to live. What ever has opposed its onward course has been put to rout.

Let those who sit at the horn of Harper's Ferry, remember that John Brown is not an impaled and belted to-day, as were the early advocates of abolition, twenty-five years ago. Coming age will assign to him a high rank in the list of the world's heroes. Washington unsheathed his sword in defense of his country against her enemies. John Brown stood against his country itself, when it was in the wrong. The latter and pernicious maxim, "My country right or wrong," he discarded as coming from the bottomless pit, which it will be long before, dragging many a supporter in its trail.

When fanaticism and madness consist in standing firmly by the right, facing the organized forces of the world, and bearing a faithful testimony against oppression, injustice, inhumanity, and every wrong, then, and not till then will the champion in freedom's battles be obnoxious to the charge. But of one thing rest assured, so long as the throne of the Eternal rests upon the firm seat of immutable justice,—so long as within the human breast there dwells a love of heroic self-sacrificing virtue, so long will history's page record, that John Brown's work was no failure. True, he sacrificed his life, but he showed to the world the inherent weakness of slavery, the cowardice of oppression, and the power and boldness of a hero girded in the panoply of truth. One such man shall chase a thousand tyrants and two, perhaps, thousand to flight. With dastardly cowardice and characteristic meanness, they may slay his body; but his manly bearing before his foes will be glorious, and his death shall bring the Martyr's crown.

But, more than all, John Brown has taught us that it is more noble and heroic to die for a grand principle, than to live a mean, ignoble life, in constant violation of the plainest dictates of virtue and purity. The Jews could crucify their trust prophet, but the marble tomb of Joseph could not contain his spirit. Virginia's Pilate may sign the death warrant of a Martyr saint, but his freed soul shall become a ministering spirit to all who hate oppression and wrong. Nor let southern tyrants dream that they have crushed the love of liberty from the free north. So sure as the blood of the Martyr is the seed of the church, so sure will another John Brown arise, who shall accomplish what has been so well begun, for as God liveth, iniquity shall not triumph forever. Compromises, and constitutions, laws of Congress and human institutions shall all pass away, but the law of the Eternal abideth forever. Sooth, to my apprehension is the lesson taught by the crowning not in the life of the Martyr hero and the patriot saint.

For the Bugle.

NUMBER 3

Mr. JONES: As promised in my preceding number, I will now endeavor to show, from the existence of unquestionable facts, that if the Federal Government is, in reality, a "National," or consolidated Government of "One Nation," State or People, it is the most unjust, unequal and ridiculously absurd system, ever palmed off on any intelligent Nation of free men as a representative government. An equal share of political power, according to numbers, is, in all governments claiming to be free, an admitted basis of representation. Can this be claimed for the government at Washington? Let facts answer. In the Legislative department of this government, Delaware, with a population of 93,592 inhabitants, has two votes in the Senate, while New York, with a population of 3,097,394 inhabitants, has but two votes in the Senate. Subtract the whole population of Delaware from that of New York, and it will be seen that in the U. S. Senate, there are no less than *three million, five thousand, eight hundred and sixty-two* of her inhabitants, absolutely and to all intents and purposes, disfranchised, as compared with those of Delaware. These good people of New York, have no voice in the Senate, and never can have, without the consent of the sovereign State of Delaware. In the House of Representatives, it is true, that these "three millions" of New Yorkers are represented, but this representation, in fact, gives these disfranchised people no legislative power whatever, because the Senate has the unquestionable constitutional right and power, to defeat or pass any and every law or resolution, sent up by the House of Representatives. This is obvious from the fact, that a majority of each House separately, is necessary to enact any law, or to pass any resolution. Granting that the lower House plainly represents the people of each State, this fact does not make it "national" in its character or formation. On the other hand the States, justly jealous of their sovereignty, constitutionally preserved the *Federal* character of the House of Representatives, by basing its members on a ratio of "one member" for every "thirty thousand inhabitants" at the first enumeration, leaving the fractions in each State unrepresented. This fact alone proves that the lower House, as well as the Senate, is *Federal*, and not "National," in its character; for if it represented "one Nation," or State, instead of thirty-three Nations or States, there would be but one fraction left unrepresented instead of thirty-three fractions, which might very readily be so large, in each State, as to give, on the ratio of one member in every "ninety-three thousand" inhabitants, at least fifteen additional members to the House of Representatives. This is a very important question. Let me then extend this examination a little further, and see the results of this system of injustice and inequality. Taking the census of 1850, as the basis of Legis. power, it will be seen that seventeen of the then, thirty-two States, with a population of but 5,447,601 inhabitants, have the constitutional right and power to defeat or to pass in the Senate, any law or resolution against the will of fifteen of the large States, with a population of 17,651,977 inhabitants. This inequality actually leaves *under* *twelve million, two hundred and four thousand, three hundred and seventy-six* of the good people of this fabulously named "Nation," absolutely disfranchised. Good, easy and contented people to call that a "glorious Constitution" which "taxes without representation" more than one half of the inhabitants of what they are pleased to call the "Nation."

Let us next examine the Executive department of this government, and see if it is any more "national," just or equitable in its organization than the Legislative department.

Delaware with ninety-three thousand, five hundred and ninety-two inhabitants, has *three* votes for President and Vice President, while New York with three million, ninety-seven thousand, three hundred and ninety-four inhabitants has but *thirty-five* votes.

That is, Delaware, on a basis of thirty thousand six hundred and ten inhabitants, has one vote for these two important functionaries of the government, while New York has but one vote on a basis of eighty-eight thousand, four hundred and ninety-six inhabitants, which actually leaves *two million, six thousand, five hundred and forty-four* inhabitants absolutely, though unconsciously represented.

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THE ANTI-SLAVERY BUGLE.

The Anti-Slavery Bugle.

"PROVIDENCE HAS MADE ME AN ACTOR AND SLAVERY AN OCTOPUS."—John Brown of Osawatomie.

SALEM, OHIO, DECEMBER 29, 1860.

TO THE

FIENDS OF FREEDOM

IN ILLINOIS.

Our work is not yet done. Non-extension of Slavery is not its non-existence. And we have not yet secured non-extension!

Personal Liberty Laws do not affect the condition of Slaves not escaped. And but few States have enacted them for those who do escape!

Illinois has no such Law, and her free people are kidnapped before her eyes; and coldly murdered, even on the way to Slavery.

Thus was it in Galena, almost but yesterday!!

If I possessed the lawful power, I would not permit his presence on that occasion.

Very respectfully, &c.,

(Signed) ALEXANDER HENRY, Mayor.

Now, is not that a precious confession of both cowardice and inidelity? A few bigoted and foolish threaten to disturb a literary lecture because the gentleman lecturing is not to their taste; the Chief Magistrate of the City, with six hundred efficient policemen at his back, cowers before the would-be rioters, and does his best to induce the "Institute" to surrender their rights to a host of lawless plotters.

When he found that he could not intimidate the "Institute," he wrote to Mr. THOMAS ANDREWS, the agent of the owners of Concert Hall, and tells him that if Gorham were allowed to lecture, the Hall would be in great danger of destruction! He also told him that after the notice which he was then giving him, in case of the destruction of the Hall, no damages could be recovered from the city. Now, herein the Mayor betrayed very gross ignorance of the law. The Act of Assembly of May 1, 1841, which gives damages for property destroyed by mobs, provides, that in order to be within its remedial provisions, upon "knowledge had of the intention or attempt to destroy the property, or to collect a mob for such purpose, no action must be given to a constable, alderman, or justice of the peace of the ward where the property is situated, or to the sheriff of the county; and it is made the duty of these officers when they receive such notice, to take all legal means to protect such property; and if they refuse to perform their duties in the premises, they are themselves liable in damages, and guilty of misdemeanor in office."

Wrought on by the impious appeals, and the absurd statements of the Mayor, Mr. ANDREWS very naturally refused to permit the Hall to be used for the Gorham lecture; and, naturally, the proprietors of other Halls declined to open their doors for the purpose. And thus the Mayor of Philadelphia, ALEXANDER HENRY, succeeds in presenting quiet and indolent citizens from assembling together to hear a literary lecture.

Not a word of excuse can be imagined for this, pusillanimous conduct of the Mayor. There is nothing in the "People's Institute," or its lectures, or in the antecedents of Gorham. Mr. CURRY, or the advertised subject of his lecture to offend any human being, or to arouse a particle of excitement. Mr. BAXTER has said and written a hundred sharper things about slavery than Mr. CURRY, yet Mr. BAXTER's lecture passed off in perfect peace. None dreamed of molesting Mr. CURRY except a few Market street merchants, who were last winter, with perfect ease, baffled in their attempt to break up the meeting at National Hall; Concert Hall is much more easily protected than National Hall. The present police force is so well drilled, able bodied, and active, that a squad of slaveholding preachers remained, and are to-day in full fellowship with the body.

With the State as with the Church. The abolitionists have long labored to show the guilty character of the Federal Union, and have so far revolutionized public sentiment as to make the North see that it is by her aid and support that slaveholding is upheld in the Southern States. We had hoped that politicians would be more just than church-men, and that the northern states, to absolve themselves from the guilt of sustaining slavery, would disown themselves from political fellowship with the South. But as it was with the separation in the M. E. Church, so has it been with the confederated states; that which the North, actuated by her sense of justice ought to have done, the South, moved by her adherence to slavery has done or is about doing—effecting our dissolution of the Federal Union. And this, not because the party of the incoming administration proposes to interfere with slavery where it is—in the States—but because, having declared its determination to prevent the extension of the system into the territories, the South fears that as a logical sequence to this movement, the party may undertake to interfere with slavery where it is.

Our fear now is, that the States North will imitate the example of the M. E. Church North, and retain their hold upon all the slave states, they can persuade, or bribe, or threaten to remain with them; and thus the Border States will be as great a curse to the States North, as the Border Conferences have been to the Church North. With Delaw, and Maryland, and Virginia, and Kentucky, and Missouri, and the South clinging to our skirts, we shall have as now the fugitive slave law in active operation, and the pledge to protect the slaveholders against their slaves will remain in full force.

"We go with the South. This bit of cold weather has finished us. No reasonable man would consent to go with the colder division.

We go with the more moderate climate, and look forward to mild weather as soon as the line is drawn.

In fact, this spell of weather shows the evil of a union with the "principal elements of the North."

We shall rejoice when the line is drawn, as did the good old dame when the Georgia line was run, and she found that she was in that State instead of South Carolina. It was a blessed thing to know it, because she'd "always hear tell South Carolina was unhealthy."

STRANGE OVERSIGHT.—It is said that the Iowa Legislature inadvertently repealed the section of their laws providing for the compensation of her public officers, and the courts have decided that there is no relief except by the Legislature, which does not meet again until 1862. So in meantime, from the Governor down, they will have to work for nothing. It is not often public official make mistakes of this kind.

THE GRAVEYARD OF GOVERNMENT.—Gov. Medary of Kansas has followed the example of the half dozen other governors of that Territory, and re-signed. Sessions and South Carolina occupies so much of the public attention now, that a Kansas Governor can scarcely be seen.

A CHANGE ANTICIPATED.

If the political leaders in Washington fail in patching up a hollow truce by concession and compromise, the victory of Buchanan and the South will possibly aid in creating a northern backbone. When a change in feeling does come, when the North speaks not in behalf of the Union, but firmly and unflinchingly in behalf of herself, there will be a reaction that will seem to trembling Conservatism as awful as the King of Terrors.

The Bugle has been considered by some as violent, aggressive, uncharitable and fanatical; but would it be safe to say that the time will not come, and is not even now near at hand, when so great will be the change in northern sentiment that such papers will be denounced as spiritless, non-aggressive, despicably palliative, and disgustingly conservative?

Greater and more marvelous changes have occurred. What yesterday was regarded as fanatical ultraism, becomes transformed into conservatism to-day; and the position which was in advance of public sentiment then, is in the rear of it now.

MR. PILLSBURY IN SALEM.

We had a grand and impressive Lecture in the Town Hall, on Sunday evening, from the above named speaker, upon "The aspect of the Times." At this period of panic and peril, when every eye is turned to the dismantled ship of State, and every dispatch received with fearful forebodings, our people appeared glad to listen to one whose power is commensurate with the task of delineating the signs of the times.

The audience was very large, the attention very close, and the impression very deep. Applause of the most ultra sentiments was frequent, while the breathless silence that followed some of his sublime utterances, made the house seem vacant. We know not how soon "the lesson of the hour," may be forgotten, but if aspirations for a better political existence, for a truer life, were not awakened under that discourse, it is useless to labor for the elevation of the race.

Mr. Pillsbury left Salem on the 25th inst., for Chicago, designing to spend some weeks in the West. If Anti-Slavery friends would call him to the large towns and cities, a work of immense importance might be done at the present time.

WHERE IS CAROLINA?

Though South Carolina has adopted an ordinance of secession, yet nobody seems to know for a certainty whether she is in the Union or out of it. Should the question be put to the State itself—or the Empire, if it be one—she probably could not do better than adopt the reply made by a French Count to an inquisitive Yankee lady at whose table he was dining. "Sir, are you married?" asked the hostess. "Not very much, madame," was the reply, accompanied with an inimitable shrug, "just von leetle."

HARRINGTON.—We have read this work, and been deeply interested in its personal. Although the style is open to the objections which we mentioned in a previous article—needing some pruning, as well as being too intense—yet these faults are measurably forgotten in the interest of the narrative, and the noble sentiments which speak from its pages. It is not simply a delineation of the horrors of slavery, but having indicated the work that must be done, it teaches how to do it. The most ultra doctrines, not only in regard to anti-slavery, but those pertaining to the equal rights of the sexes, are advocated with an entire obliviousness to the existence of Mrs. Grundy as though her opinion was of the least possible consequence. John Harrington is an uncompromising abolitionist, who, like J. H. Brown, perils his life for the slaves, and in rescuing the fugitive Antonio, receives a fatal wound. Muric, the heroine, is young, handsome, intellectual, artistic, and wealthy. By virtue of her wealth and position her ultra anti-slavery is regarded as a philanthropic weakness, and her woman's rights doctrine and practice an amusing eccentricity.

The work is an excellent reform agent, and will make its mark wide and deep upon the present generation. We wish for it an extensive circulation, and those who desire to procure it, may ascertain how to do so by referring to the publisher's advertisement in another column.

THE ILLUSTRATED SELF-INSTRUCTOR IN PHYSIOL-
OGY AND PHYSIOTOMY; with over one hundred engravings; together with a Physiographical Chart of character. The above is a descriptive title of a volume of 176 pages, published by Fowler & Wells, 308 Broadway, N. Y., and which will doubtless be useful to those who desire to become acquainted with the principles upon which Phrenology and Physiology are founded. Price, in paper covers, 30 cents; in cloth, 50 cents.

FRANCIS BROWN'S CHRISTMAS ANNUAL. 1861.—Our "wee one" is away, or we should doubtless have had a report of the merits of this work, and its capacity to amuse and instruct the juveniles. We have read a portion of it with satisfaction, and regret that our engagements have prevented us giving it a more thorough examination. For terms, &c., see advertisement.

THE RURAL ANNUAL AND HORTICULTURAL DIRECTORY.—We have received the 6th annual volume of this work, which is comprised in a pamphlet of 120 pages, and is illustrated with some 80 wood engravings of various sizes—some full page, and others much smaller. It contains much interesting matter of a kind that would be useful to the class for whom it is designed, and will be sent by mail (postage prepaid) on the receipt of 25 cents. Address Joseph Harris, Publisher of the Genesee Farmer, Rochester, N. Y.

And this reminds us to say that the Farmer, which was established thirty years ago, has a subscription list of over 20,000, and we learn that in its circulation in the states, Ohio ranks as third, New York and Pennsylvania taking precedence. The paper is cheap at 50 cents a year.

EXCITEMENT IN PITTSBURGH.—The smoky city is considerably stirred up in consequence of the discovery that government has given orders to remove 120 pieces of heavy artillery from the U. S. Arsenal there to the South. It is said the people will not allow the guns to be removed, and have determined to resist any attempt to do it. Such a movement in opposition to the government would be denounced as traitorous in Charleston, but in Pittsburgh would be regarded as eminently patriotic. Latitude makes a vast difference in other things besides slave-holding and slave-trading.

PICTURES.—Those who wish to procure a likeness of themselves or friends, will perhaps take a hint from the advertisement of Mr. Silver's in another column.

HATS AND CAPS, in great variety of style and material.

Call and examine his stock, and decide for yourself concerning the quality of his goods, and the reasonableness of his prices.

Salem, April 1st, 1860.

FAIR GOODS.

The Anti-Slavery Fair was not held as usual this year, because of the absence from Salem of a number of those who are accustomed to do the home-work, and of the remaining few, several were so circumstanced it was impossible for them to give it due attention. The goods received were exposed for sale several days this week, and such of them as remain on hand will be disposed of as opportunity presents.

REMOVAL OF CANNON.

Pittsburgh, Dec. 24.

There is intense excitement to-day in consequence of it being made public that U. S. Quartermaster Talafaro was negotiating for shipment from the Allegheny Arsenal of 78 guns to New-
port, near Galveston Island, Texas, and 40 to ship to an island near Belize, mouth of the Mississippi, the apparent object being to strip the Allegheny Arsenal and place the guns there the secessionists could get them.

Maj. Symington, of Maryland, in command of the Arsenal, declined giving the Press information on the subject.

It seems the forts referred to are new forts never yet mounted. These guns are designed for their armament; the gun carriages being made at Waterville, N. Y. These guns are ten inch Columbians and thirty-two pounders. Gov. Moorhead, our member of Congress, immediately telegraphed to Mr. Stanton, Chairman of Military Affairs, for information. Leading Democrats telegraphed to Washington to have the orders countermanded, saying that the people would not allow the guns to be removed.

A call is in circulation, addressed to the Mayor, to convene a meeting of citizens to take action on the matter. It will be held at Duquesne Depot Wednesday. The call is signed by men of all parties. The feeling against allowing a gun to be removed from the South is almost unanimous. A report prevails that muskets, shells, balls, cavalry accoutrements to considerable amount have already been shipped.

ORDINANCE OF SECESSION—the following is the South Carolina ordinance of secession.

"We, the people of South Carolina, in Convention assembled, do declare and ordain that the ordinance adopted by us in the Convention of the 22d of May, 1778, whereby the Constitution of the United States was ratified, and all acts and parts of acts of the General Assembly of the State, ratifying amendments to the said Constitution, are hereby repealed, and the union now subsisting between South Carolina and other States, under the name of the United States of America, is hereby dissolved.

MISS FEEHIL.

Who has just closed her first term of Musical Instruction, is encouraged by the satisfaction she has given and the patronage she has received, to announce that she will commence her second term the first week in January.

She will give instruction in both Vocal and Instrumental Music, and will be happy to meet those who desire to consult with her at Hall's Music Store.

Refer to Messrs. Allen Boyle, or J. C. Whinery.

MAILED, On the evening of the 20th day of Dec. 1860, in the town of Salem, by Samuel Hardman, Esq., Mr. Richard Kirian to Miss Harrington Gaunt, both of Columbian county, O.

FIRST CLASS.

Ambrotypes, Photographs, and Iverotypes,

TAKEN AT THE NEW YORK

PICTURE GALLERY,

Over Horner's Store, Salem, Ohio, L. B. SILVER, Late of New York, Proprietor.

Mr. Silver's Ambrotypes, took the First Premiums at the late Salem and New Lisbon Fairs.

THE Celebrated Singer's Family Sewing Machines are kept for sale. L. B. SILVER, Salem, Dec. 22, 1860.

NEW BOOKS:

SUBSCRIPTION PRICE TO BUGLE.

\$1.50 PER ANNUM, INvariably IN ADVANCE.

—ISAAC TESCOFT is duly authorized to receive all monies on account of subscriptions on the Bugle.

The Books can be obtained, every Friday, at Isaac Tescott's Book Store on Main street, Salem, Ohio.

A BRILLIANT ANTI-SLAVERY NOVEL.

HARRINGTON,

A Story of True Love, By the Author of "What Cheer," "The Ghost," "A Christmas Story," "Love and Gain," "A Tale of Lynn," &c.

This Work is undoubtedly the most intensely interesting novel yet written in this country.

OPINIONS OR THE RAKES.

The new novel of "Harrington, a Story of True Love," published by Thayer & Eldridge of this city, is having a great demand. It is a production which needs but the perusal of a chapter to ensure the attention of the reader to the close. Though a novel it deals in realities. Its characters are drawn with a master hand, and its plots and incidents well managed. The book comes in good well supplied literary table.—BOSTON ATLAS.

Thayer & Eldridge, 114 and 115 Washington Street, Boston, have just published "Harrington, a Story of True Love," by the Author of "What Cheer," "The Ghost," "A Tale of Lynn," &c.

It makes handsomely printed volume of 558 pages, and from beginning to end is marked with descriptive power, and is alive with thrilling interest. Since the publication of "Uncle Tom's Cabin," no novel relating to slaves has been published equaling "Harrington," in exciting interest and fascinating delineations. Its scenes are drawn from the stirring events of our times, without excess of coloring; and its personal references will add to its chronic history and extend its sale. All the friends of freedom should not only read it, but endeavor to obtain it for the widest circulation. It is the "passion of the season."—BOSTON LIBRAIRY.

Mr. W. D. O'Conor's new novel, "Harrington," is the best Anti-Slavery argument, in the form of a fiction, yet issued from the American Press.

It is worth a dozen of Uncle Tom.—BOSTON SUNDAY EVENING GAZETTE.

The work is comprised in a handsome volume of 558 pages, printed on fine paper and elegantly and substantially bound in morocco. Price \$1.25.

AGENTS WANTED,

To sell this work, to whom liberal terms will be given. Its sale will be immense, and those who have no lucrative employment or are already engaged in the sale of books, should not fail to take hold of it, as money can be made very fast in its sale.

Sample copies sent by mail; postpaid on receipt of the price.

Address, THAYER & ELDRIDGE, Publishers, Dec. 8, 1860, 116 Washington Street, Boston.

November, 1860! November, 1860!

WINTER STOCK!!

J. & L. SCHILLER, of Salem, Ohio.

Are now opening their Second Large Stock of Goods for the season, embracing every variety and style of

Winter Dress Goods,

CLOAKS & SHAWLS, HOODS & BONNETS,

Ladies' Furs, in Great Variety.

Ladies' and Misses Head Dresses,

THE ANTI-SLAVERY BUGLE.

Miscellaneous.

TWO YEARS OLD.

BY S. C. FRENCH.

Playing on the carpet near me,
Is a little cherub girl—
And her presence, much I fear me,
Sets my senses in a whirl;
For a book is open lying,
Full of grave philosophizing,
And I own I'm vainly trying
There my thoughts to hold;
But in spite of my avaying,
They will ever more be straying
To that cherub near me playing,
Only two years old.

With her hair so long and lustrous,
And her sunny eyes of blue,
And her cheek so plump and wan,
She is charming to the view;
There her voice, to all who hear it,
Breathes a sweet, entrancing spirit—
O! she is forever near it
Is a joy untold—
For 'tis ever sweetly telling
To my heart, with rapture swelling,
Of affection only dwelling—
Only two years old.

With a new delight I'm bearing
All her sweet attempts at words,
In their melody endearing,
Sister far than any bird's;
And the musical mistaking,
Which her baby lips are making,
For my heart's charm is waking,
Firmer in its hold.
Then the charm so rich and glowing,
From the Roman's lips overflowing;
Then she gives a look so knowing—
Only two years old.

Now her ripe and honeyed kisses,
(Honeyed, ripe for me alone!)
Till my soul with varied blisses,
Venus never yet has known.
When her twining arms are round me,
All domestic joys have crowned me,
And a forest spelt hath bound me,
Never to grow cold.
Of there's not, this side of Adon,
Aught with loveliness so laden,
As my little cherub maiden,
Only two years old.

THE OLD GARRET.

BY B. F. TAYLOR.

Sarcastic people say that the poets dwell in garrets, and simple people believe it. And others, neither sarcastic or simple, send them aloft, among the rubbish, just because they do not know what to do with them down stairs and 'among folks,' and so they class them under the head of rubbish, and consign them to that grand reception of 'has-beens,' and despised 'used-to-be's,' the old garret.

The garret is to the other apartments of the homestead what the adverb is to the pedagogic in parsing. Every thing they do not know how to dispose of, is consigned to the list of adverbs. And it is for this precise reason we love garrets; because they do contain the relics of the old and of the past—souvenirs of other and happier and simpler hours.

They have come to build houses now-a-days without garrets. Impious innovation.

You men of brains, and 'bearded like the pard,' who would like to make people believe, if you could, that you were never a 'toddling wee thing,' that you never wore a 'riffled dress,' or jingled a rattle box with infinite delight, that you never had a mother, and that she never became an old woman, and wore caps and spectacles, and may be took snuff; go home once more after all these years of absence, all hotted and whiskered and six feet high as you are, and let us go together into that old fashioned spacious garret which extends from gable to gable, with its narrow, oval windows with a spider web of a sash, through which steals a 'dim, religious light' upon a museum of things unnameable, that once figured before the Vandal hand of modern times.

The loose boards of the floor rattle somewhat as they used to do—don't they? when beneath your prattling feet they clattered sometimes, when of a rainy afternoon, 'Mother' wearied with many-tongued importunity, granted the 'Let us go up in the garret and play!' And play? Precious little of play you have had since, we dare warrant, with your looks of dignity and dreams of ambition.

Here we are not in the midst of the garret. The old barrel—shall we rumage it? Old newspapers, dusty, yellow, a little tattered! 'Tis the 'Columbian Star.' How familiar the type looks! How it reminds you of old times, when you looked over the edge of the counter with the letters or paper for father! And these same rags just damp from the press were carried one by one to the fire-side, and perused and preserved as they ought to be. Stars? Damps? Ah, many a star has set since then, and many a new turfed heap grown damp with rags that fell not from clouds.

Dive deeper in the barrel. There! A bundle, up it comes, in a cloud of dust. Old almanacs, by all that is memorable. Thin leaved ledgers of time, going back to—in see how far: 184—185—186—before our time—180—when our mothers were children. And the day book—how blotched and bleared with many records and tears.

There you have hit your head against that beam. Time was when you ran to and fro beneath it, but you are nearer to it now, by more than the 'altitude of a chopping.' That beam is strewed with forgotten papers of seeds for the next year sowing, a dust with some new shreds of wax remaining, is thrust into a crevice of the rafters over-head, and rocked away close under the eaves, is the little wheel that used to stand by the fire in times long gone. Its sweet long song has ceased, and perhaps—perhaps she drew those waxen threads—but never mind—you remember the line don't you?

'Her wheel at rest, the matron charms no more.' Well-set that pass. Do you see that little cruff in that dark corner? It was red once, it was the only basket in the house red, and contained a mother's jewels. The old red cruff for all the world! And you occupied that one, ay, great as you are, it was your world once, and over it the only horizon you beheld but the heaves of a mother's eyes as you rocked in that little barge of love, on the higher shore of time—fast by a mother's love to a mother's heart.

And there attached to two rafters, are the fragments of an untwisted rope. Do you remember it, and what it was for, and who fastened it there?

'Twas the children's swing. You are here indeed, but where are Nelly and Charby? There hangs his little cap by that window, and there the little red frock she used to wear. A crown is resting upon her cherub brow, and her robes are spicless in the latter land.

THE RIGHT SORT OF RELIGION.

'We want a religion that goes into the family, and keeps the husband from being spiteful when the dinner is late, and keeps the dinner from being late—keeps the wife from fretting when the husband tracks the newly-washed floor with his muddy boots, and makes the husband mindful of the scupper and the door-mat—keeps the mother patient when the baby is cross, and keeps the baby pleasant—answers the children as well as instructs them—wins as well as governs—projects the honeymoon into the harvest moon, bearing in its bosom at once the beauty of the tender blossom and the glory of the ripened fruit. We want a religion that bears heavily, not only on the "exceeding sinfulness of sin," but on the exceeding rascality of lying and stealing—a religion that banishes small meanness from the counters, small baseness from the stalls, pebbles from the cotton bags, clay from paper, sand from sugar, chisery from coffee, ether from butter, beet juice from vinegar, alum from bread, strychnine from wine, water from milk cans, and buttons from the contribution box.

"The religion that is to save the world will not put all the big strawberries at the top, and all the bad ones at the bottom. It will not offer more baskets of foreign wines than the vineyards ever produced bottles, and more barrels of Geese than all the wheat fields of New York grow, and all her mills grind. It will not make one half of a pair of shoes of good leather, and the other of poor leather, so that the first shall redound to the master's credit, and the second to his cash. It will not put Cousin's stamp on Jenkins' kid gloves, nor make Paris bonnets in the back room of a Boston milliner's shop, nor let a piece of velveteen that professes to measure twelve yards, come to an untimely end in the tenth, or a spool of sewing silk that reaches for twenty yards, be nipped in the bud at fourteen and a half, nor the cotton thread spool break to the yardsick fifty of the two hundred yards of premises that was given to the eye, nor yard wide cloth measure less than thirty-six inches from selvedge to selvedge, nor all woolen linens and all linen handkerchiefs be amalgamated with clandestine cotton, nor coats made of old rags pressed together, to be sold to the unsuspecting public for legal broadcloth. It does not put bricks at five dollars per thousand, into chimneys it contrived to build of seven dollar materials, nor smuggle white pine into floors that had paid for hard pine, nor leave yawning cracks in closings, where boards ought to join, nor daub the ceilings that ought to be smoothly plastered, nor make window blinds with slats that cannot stand the wind, and paint that cannot stand the sun, and fastenings that may be locked at, but are on no account to be touched.

"The religion that is to sanctify the world, pays its debts. It does not consider that forty cents

returned for one hundred cents given, is according to the Gospel, though it may be according to law. It looks on a man who has failed in trade, and who continues to live in luxury, as a thief. It looks upon a man who promises to pay fifty dollars on demand with interest, and who neglects to pay it in demand, with or without interest, as a liar."

Congregationalist.

MR. EVERETT'S REMEMBRANCES OF LORD BYRON.

Mr. Everett writes us (August 3, 1858):

"Having at a very early age begun to feel a great interest in modern Greece, that feeling was raised to enthusiasm by the two first cantos of Childe Harold, which appeared the year after I left college. Determined to visit Greece myself, I felt on that account especially desirous, on my arrival in London in the spring of 1815, of making the acquaintance of Lord Byron. I was offered an introduction to him by more than one friend—particularly by Richard Sharpe, Esq., better known in society as 'Con versation Sharpe.' Delays, however, took place, and my youthful impatience led me somewhat to overstep the bounds of strict propriety. I addressed a note to Lord Byron, sending a copy of a poetical trifly privately printed by me some time before, in which he was mentioned, and asking the honor of his acquaintance. I received a most obliging answer from him the next day, accompanied with a set of his poems in four volumes, (rendered doubly valuable by marginal corrections in his handwriting,) and appointing an hour when he would see me. His reception of me was most cordial. Intercourse between the two was just reopened after the war of 1812-1814, and I was the first person from the United States whose acquaintance he had made. He expressed high satisfaction at the account I gave him of his trans-Atlantic fame. Our conversation was principally on the state of education and literature in this country, and on Greece, to which he said he was so much attached that, for family considerations, he should be disposed to pass his life there. He offered me, without solicitation on my part, letters to his friends there, and, among them, to Ali Pacha, of Albania.

The state of public affairs was then very critical. Napoleon, recently escaped from Elba, was

advancing rapidly to meet the Prussian and English armies in Belgium. The probable result of the impending conflict was discussed with warmth by Lord Byron. 'Napoleon,' said he, 'will at first

not doubt, drive the Duke of Wellington. That I shall be sorry for; I don't want to have my countrymen beaten. But I will tell you what I do want. I want to see Lord Castlereagh's head carried on a spike beneath that window.' This feeling, violent as it is, seems to have been pretty deliberately cherished by Lord Byron. It is expressed in his conversation with Mr. Ticknor a few days later, after the battle of Waterloo had been fought, and in a letter to Moore written a day or two before I saw Lord Byron, he says, 'Of politics we have nothing but the yell for war; and Castlereagh is preparing his head for the pike, on which we shall see it carried before he has done.'

Lord Byron—at this time in the enjoyment of his reputation as the chief of the modern British Poets—had laid aside entirely the misanthropic tone and eccentric manners with which he returned from the East. He was a great favorite in society, and happy, to all appearance, at home.

He had also formed friendly relations with many of those whom he had attacked most fiercely in 'English Bards and Scotch Reviewers.' Mr.

Rogers gave me an amusing account of the commencement of his acquaintance with Lord Byron on his return from the East. It took place in connection with the reconciliation of Byron and Moore, of which the successive steps are minutely related in Moore's Life of Byron. Mr. Rogers having been informed by Moore that Byron and

he had agreed on a meeting as friends, proposed that it should be at his (Mr. Rogers') house, and desired Moore to invite Byron to meet him at dinner there. This invitation was accepted in the most gracious manner by Byron. It was intended at first that the party should be confined to the trio; but Campbell happened to call on Mr. Rogers in the course of the morning, and was invited to join them. This was in the first week of November, 1811; and at that time Byron was not personally known to Rogers, Moore or Campbell! Mr. Rogers introduced himself to Lord Byron, and presented the other two as they arrived. Mr. Rogers—whose dinners were always perfect—had taken pains to have a particularly nice one that day. He soon found, however, somewhat to his consternation, that there was nothing on the table which Lord Byron could eat or drink. He was at that time in one of the frequent fits of abstinence which he practised to check a tendency to stout. After refusing everything on the table, he asked for hard biscuits and soda water, neither of which happened to be in the house. The soda water was sent for and procured, but the biscuits were not to be had in the neighborhood. Lord Byron then called for the potatoes, filled his plate with them, and, pouring the contents of the vinegar cruet over them, made a hearty meal. His manner and conversation on this occasion did not appear to have pleased Mr. Rogers so much as they did Mr. Moore. Whenever I saw Lord Byron his department and conversation were those of a well-bred, intelligent man of the world, wholly free from affectation and eccentricity.

"It has been a question whether Lord Byron was lame in one foot or both. My own impression, when I saw him, was that the deformity extended equally to both feet; and such I said when Mr. Trelawny, speaking from actual inspection after his death, declares to have been the case. It was concealed from the eye by very long and loose trousers, but caused him to walk with a slight stoop at the hip. Mr. Rogers and Lord Byron were leaving a party together, shortly after his return from the Continent. A linkman accosted Lord Byron by name. Mr. Rogers heedlessly said, 'You see everybody knows you already.' Lord Byron rejoined, with a bitter expression, 'Yes, I am deformed.' This feeling seems to have been habitually present to his mind, if we can trust his biographers; but on no occasion when I saw him did his countenance wear the expression of gloom or care.

"Three years and a half after I saw him in London, I had an opportunity of renewing my acquaintance with Lord Byron at Venice, where I saw him a few times in the autumn of 1818. Notwithstanding the events which had occurred since I saw him in London, there was no change in his general appearance and manner. Our conversation was again very much on Greece, which I was to visit the next spring, and for which he furnished me additional letters. He now spoke with some confidence of taking up his abode there, though the revolution which caused him to do so had not yet broken out. He dwelt at some length on the state of society in Italy, particularly in Venice, and especially on the circle at the Ca' d'Oro Albergo, which Lord Byron attended every evening for two years, to which I had the good fortune to be introduced by Ugo Foscolo. He spoke also with a good deal of interest of the Armenian studies which he carried on for a short time under Father Pascal Auger, of the Armenian Convent at Venice. This learned and sensible ecclesiastic, whom I had the pleasure of knowing, told me that for the short time that Lord Byron studied with him he made rapid progress. He translated into English Father Auger's Armenian-Italian grammar, and also the authentic Epistles of Paul to the Corinthians, which had never appeared in an English version.

"All remittances and communications should be addressed to Miss Lizzie Bunnell, Peru, Miami County, Indiana.

S. D. HARRIS, Editor, Columbus, Ohio.

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